

T H E
C H E A T D E T E C T E D :



O R,

A H I N T T O P O E T S.

To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

I'LL tell you a Story, pray Gentles draw near:
Of GRÆME and his *Balls* for the future beware,
He has play'd you a Trick that you little suspected,
But Rog'ry like Murder is always detected.

Derry down down, &c.

ON the Eighteenth what Zeal in your Faces was seen,
When summon'd by him to drink *Health to the QUEEN*?
You thought what he did was with upright Design,
And all that you drank was the Juice of the Vine.

Derry down, &c.

HALYROOD was illumin'd, enliven'd each Guest:
How brilliant the BALL! how superb was the FEAST!
How splendid the Call'ry when all went to sup!
Ah! who could have dreaded a *Snake in the Cup*.

Derry down, &c.

*In the British Museum copy this poem is
ascribed by Mr George Chalmers to Miss Cunningham.*

THE *Beaux* were so witty, the *Belles* look'd so bright,
And GRÆME and his KITTY so kind and polite;
The Loves and the Graces so blended the whole,
That Pleasure there reign'd without check or controul.

Derry down, &c.

WHO the duce could have dreamt, that, from *Lethe* imported,
Some Hogsheads by *Hermes* were sily transported;
The Rogue of a GRÆME brib'd the Rogue of a GOD,
To convert all the Wine with a Touch of his Rod.

Derry down, &c.

WHEN whisp'ring, and ogling, and toasting, and laughing,
Little thought the poor *Guests* what a Dose they were quaffing:
But alas! the Effects may the dullest convince,
OBLIVION and SILENCE have reign'd ever since.

Derry down, &c.

PROSE Writers were render'd unfit to tell Facts,
Even *Truth* was silenc'd by repeated attacks;
Each *Poet* and *Poetess* had a deep Dose;
There, was GRATITUDE lull'd to a thorough repose.

Derry down, &c.

How long, cry'd the GRÆME, will the Charm have Effect,
Pray Heav'n! that no Spy may the Rog'ry detect;
Friend HERMES, I've lost all the aim of my Plot,
If ME and my *Ball* are not henceforth forgor.

Derry down, &c.

FOR a Fortnight 'twill last, on the Word of a GOD,
 Or I'll forfeit, says HERMES, my *Cap* and my *Rod*;
 A *Wonder*, you know, can but hold out nine Days,
 And I'll give you five more to secure you from PRAISE.

Derry down, &c.

AWAKE, and revenge it, ye Dealers in Rhime,
 Tho' late, let him rue such an unheard of Crime,
 Let *Poems* on *Poems* be heap'd up like BABEL,
 And *Poets* like *Harpies* encircle his Table.

Derry down, &c.

MAY the Wife of his Bosom in Rhime still address him,
 And his Daughter, beloved, with Verses oppress him;
 May the MUSES and PHOEBUS unite to perplex him,
 And grant me a *patent Poetick* to vex him.

23 JY 68

Derry down, &c.